

CURTIS
COMMUNICATIONS

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CRIMINALS ON THE RUN

Who
dunnit?

LEARN THE
ANSWERS
WITH YOUNG
KING COLE



CRIMINALS
ON THE
RUN

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No. 17



Master Detective

YOUR CLEVER
SMUGGLING GAME
IS UP! RELEASE THAT
MAN, AND STOP
THE CLOCK!

IT'S
YOUNG KING
COLE! NEVER
MIND HIS TALK...
GET HIM!



PLUS: "THE CASE OF THE
POLKA-DOT BANDIT"

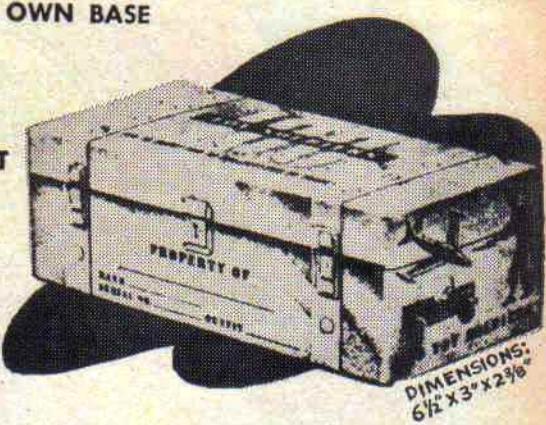
and: **DR. DREW... THE
ZOO MAN**



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Toy Soldiers
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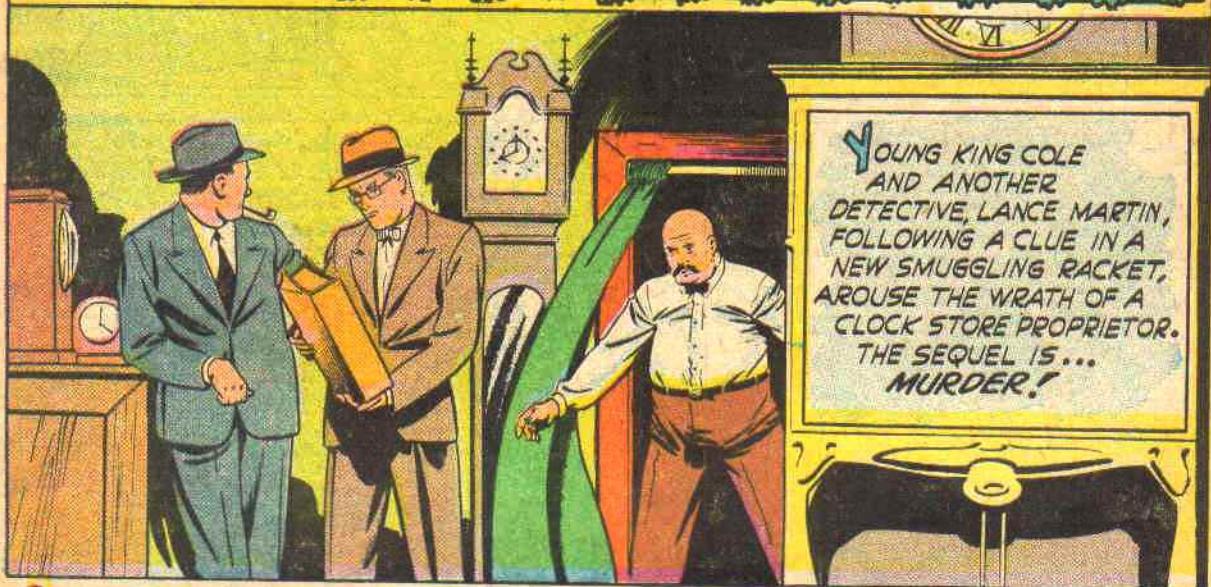
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YOUNG King Cole



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND



YOUNG KING COLE
AND ANOTHER
DETECTIVE, LANCE MARTIN,
FOLLOWING A CLUE IN A
NEW SMUGGLING RACKET,
AROUSE THE WRATH OF A
CLOCK STORE PROPRIETOR.
THE SEQUEL IS...
MURDER!



DETECTIVE LANCE MARTIN CALLS AT KING'S
OFFICE.

KING, I BIT OFF MORE THAN
I CAN CHEW ON THIS SMUGGLING
RACKET. I WANT YOUR HELP.

HOW CAN
I REFUSE

SUCH AN

ILLUSTRIOS

COMPETITOR,

LANCE?

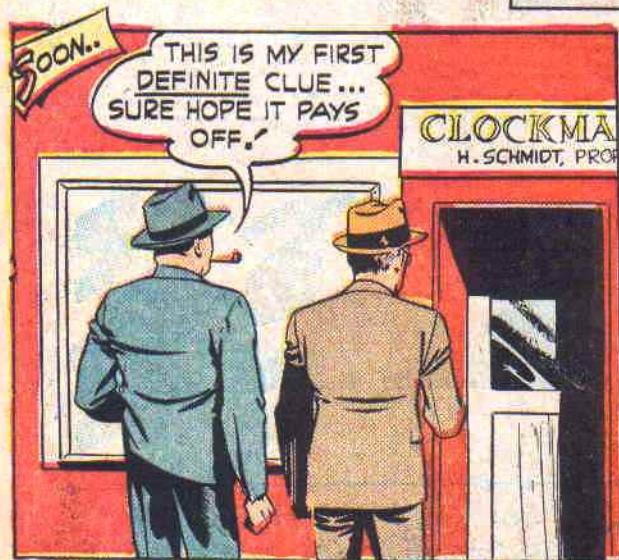
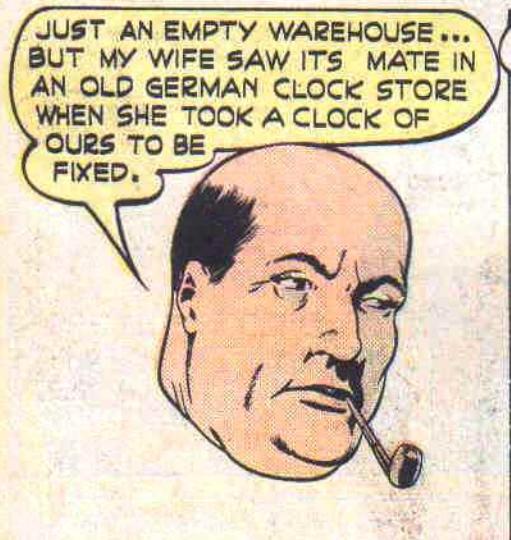
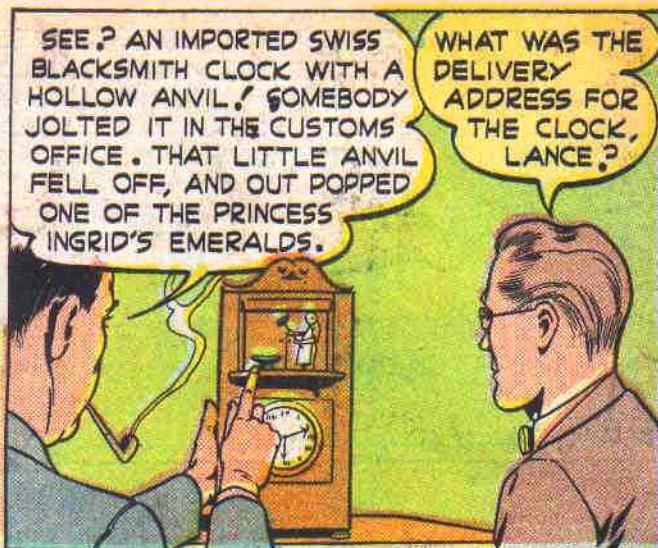
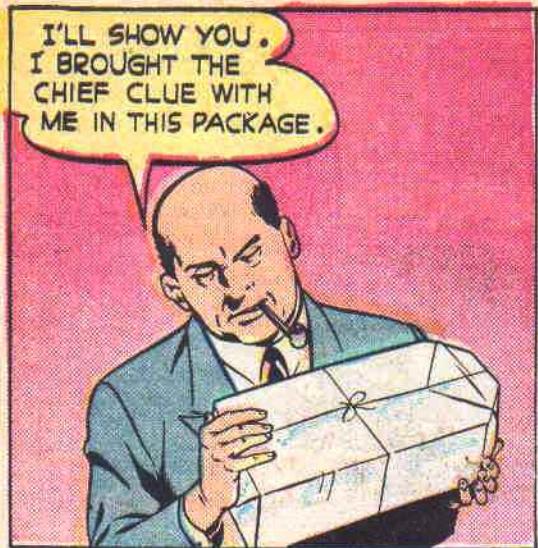
IRIS..WHIP...THIS IS THE HOW EXCITING!
FAMOUS PRIVATE EYE, HOW DO THE
LANCE MARTIN. HE WANTS SMUGGLERS
US TO HELP HIM CRACK GET THE
DOWN ON THE SMUGGLING JEWELS THROUGH
RING BRINGING STOLEN THE CUSTOMS,
JEWELS FROM EUROPE. MR. MARTIN?

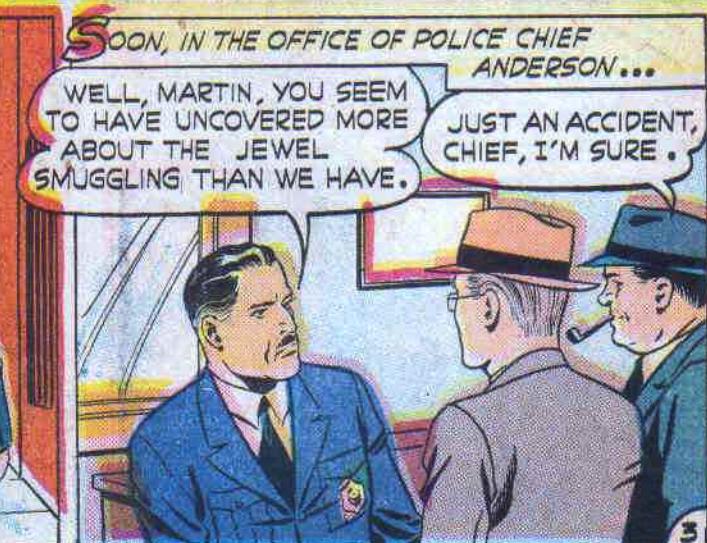
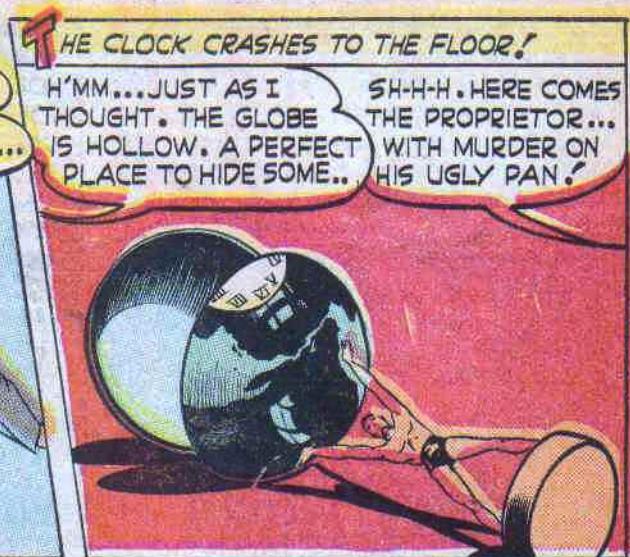


Best in Comics!

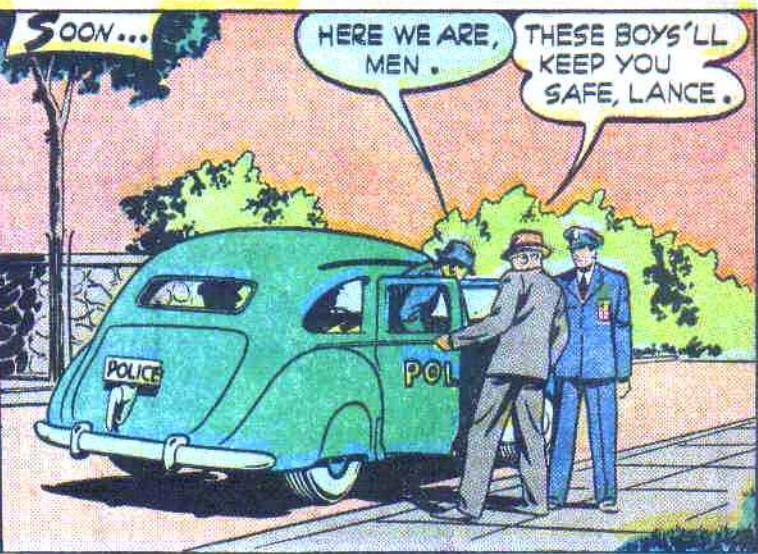
LOOK FOR THIS SEAL







WELL, IF SCHMIDT, THE CLOCK MAN, RECOGNIZED YOU, YOU MAY HAVE A...ER...FATAL ACCIDENT... SO I'LL PUT A GUARD AROUND YOUR HOUSE. COLE CAN DO ANY OUTSIDE FOLLOW-UP.



THAT'S MY WIFE, HELEN, TALKING TO OUR NEIGHBOR, BARBER.



LANCE! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? THESE POLICEMEN....

DON'T WORRY, DEAR. THEY'RE HERE TO PROTECT US. HELEN, THIS IS KING COLE.

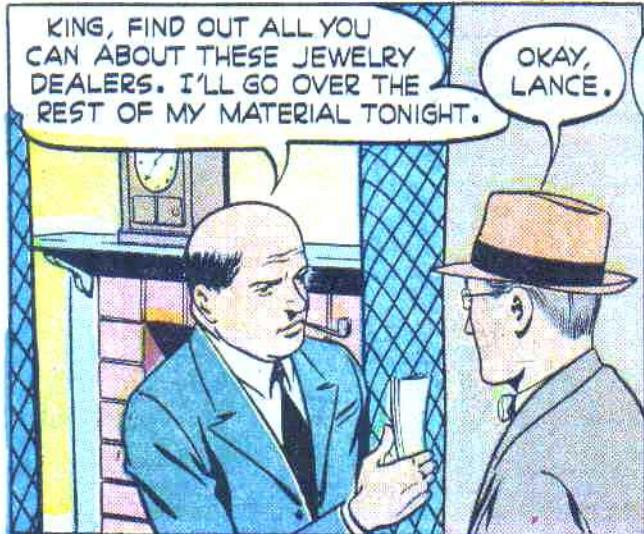


KING, FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN ABOUT THESE JEWELRY DEALERS. I'LL GO OVER THE REST OF MY MATERIAL TONIGHT.

OKAY, LANCE.

ONE OF THE POLICEMEN WILL GUARD YOUR WINDOWS BUT KEEP 'EM LOCKED... AND THIS DOOR TOO.

DON'T WORRY, I WILL.

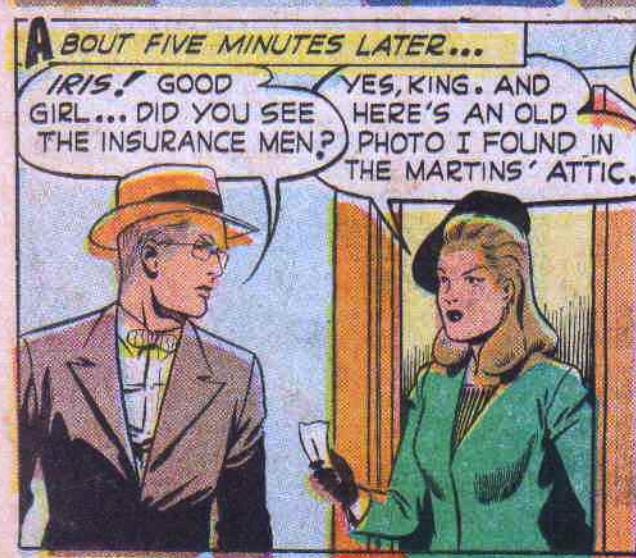
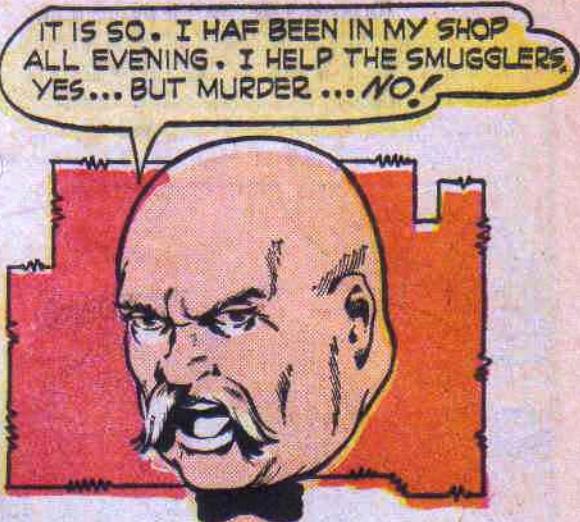












LISTEN, EVERYBODY! CHIEF ANDERSON HAS AGREED TO LET ME STAGE A SCENE IN AN EFFORT TO DISCOVER LANCE MARTIN'S MURDERER. I PLAN TO RE-ENACT THE CRIME, JUST AS IT HAPPENED.



CHIEF, WOULD YOU HAVE THE HANDCUFFS TAKEN OFF MR. SCHMIDT... ER, TEMPORARILY, OF COURSE!



NOW, DON'T TRY NOTHING FUNNY, HERMAN.



FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, EVERYBODY BETTER LINE UP AGAINST THE WALLS. KEEP OUT OF THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM OR YOU MIGHT GET KILLED.

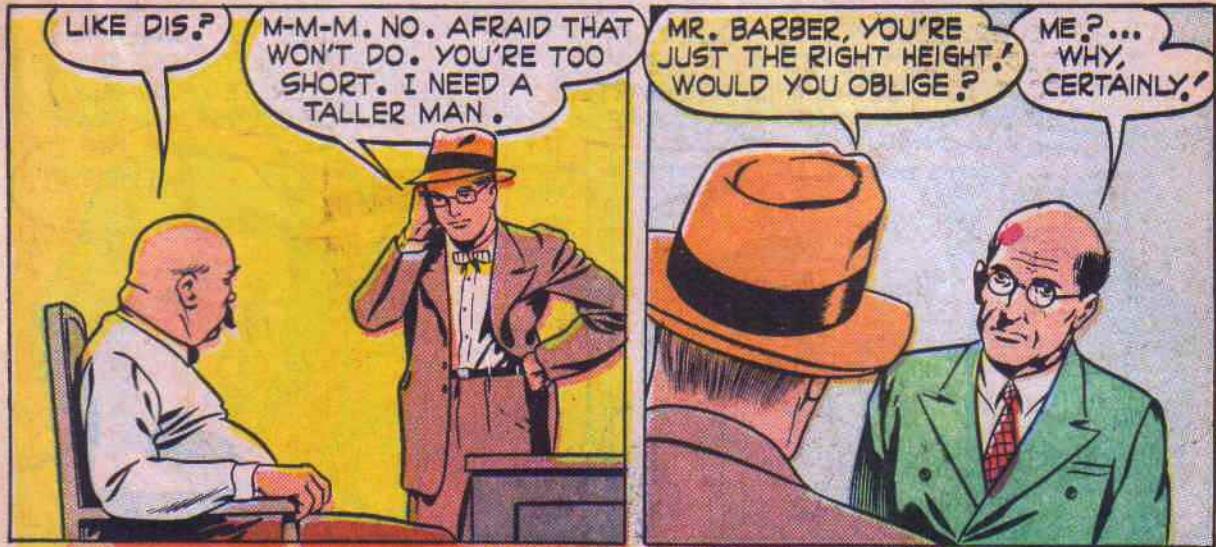


LANCE MARTIN, YOU REMEMBER, WAS MURDERED AT NINE O'CLOCK. IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT NOW. BUT, FOR THE PURPOSE OF REALISM, I'VE SET THE CLOCK BACK. IT NOW READS TEN MINUTES TO NINE.



LANCE WAS SITTING IN THIS CHAIR, PLACED JUST AS IT IS NOW, WHEN HE WAS SHOT. MR. SCHMIDT, WOULD YOU SIT HERE A MOMENT, PLEASE?





Sunburned

by

ALLEN M. MORTIMER



THE COP'S fat neck bulged over the collar of his threadbare blue coat. A white half-moon of flesh peered above his left shoe where the sock had worn through.

These things Yanski noted in the split second it took him to size up the policeman, and he knew he had nothing to fear. He shrugged and straightened his shoulders as confidence rose in him. Just another hick flatfoot!

He turned and walked boldly across the street toward a hamburger joint, grinning mirthlessly as he flexed the muscles of his arms and back. Not for nothing was he known as "The Arm." He was also known as Sylvester Yanksi, crook, killer, and jail breaker.

The shrill blast of a police whistle froze him in his tracks. Wildly his heart thumped against the hard ugliness of the .38 in its shoulder holster.

He turned and faced the cop. "Something?"

"You're durned right, 'Something.' Ain't you got no more brains than to cross

against a green light? S'pose a car had come by—might have knocked you colder'n a mackerel."

Yanski had all he could do to keep from laughing aloud in relief. So he'd been jaywalking. "Huh?" he said.

"That's all," said the cop. "Just watch your step. Say, ain't I seen you some place before, stranger?" The cop regarded him quizzically for a second.

Yanski's spine tingled. His eyes glared steadily into the cop's. His right arm tensed and started toward his left shoulder, then slowly relaxed and lowered as the flatfoot shrugged. "Guess not, mister. Git along now and mind what I said about crossin' streets."

The tightness was back in Yanski's throat. The fear of the hunted clutched again in his chest. That blasted copper! Even if he was just asking dumb questions, it wasn't safe to stay in this town now.

But he had to stay. Big George would be in tonight to take him west until things cool-

ed off a little; and then, back to Philly and a big time on some of that dough he'd "inherited" from old man Johnson. Of course he'd had to strangle the old bird to get it; and sweat out six months in the clink on account of some fingerprints he'd left on the old geezer's throat. But he had busted out of jail now, and what was six months when you had \$50,000 stashed away.

It was ten in the morning now. Big George would pick him up at four. Six hours to kill. But where? He dared not stay in the village. Then he saw the sign. BATHING BEACH $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE.

He might have slept all day if the kid hadn't kicked sand in his face. A tall, skinny kid with an iron brace on his right leg. A dumb kid trying to lift a 50 pound bar-bell with arms that looked like match sticks.

Yanski glared at the kid. "Whazza big idea, bub?"

The kid looked scared. "Gee, mister, I'm sorry. This bar-bell is kinda heavy and I must have slipped. I didn't

mean to wake you up, honest."

Yanski lifted himself on his elbows. The kid stared open-mouthed at the knots and coils of sinew on his arms and back. He kicked at the bar-bell with his good leg. "If I had muscles like that I sure could throw these things around! Kin I feel 'em?"

Yanski stretched his arms. "Sure," he said. He was proud of those muscles.

Gingerly the kid felt the smooth rock that was an arm and whistled in admiration. Then his face grew serious.

"Mister," he said, "You're going to get an awful sunburn if you don't watch out. Better let me put some of this on you." He held out a bottle of anti-sunburn lotion.

Yanski turned on his stomach. "OK, Bub. My back ain't been burned yet. Oughta be time to color it up before I head for town. Gotta date at 4."

It was pleasant lying there feeling the kid's fingers rub the cooling stuff into his shoulders, half listening to his chatter. Yanski dozed off again and when he woke it was 3:30.

"So-long, kid," he said, "Thanks for the rubdown."

Barefooted, he walked up the sandy road toward the locker rooms, keeping away from the crowds still on the beach.

A car came from the direction of the village, slowed as it neared him, and he drew aside to let it pass.

But it didn't pass. It stopped. Yanski turned-turned and saw the fat face of the traffic cop who had stopped him this morning.

"Goin' somewhere, Yanski?" The cop's voice was quiet but there was ice in his words. And there was the business end of a .45 poked over the door frame straight at Yanski's heart.

Yanski's jaw dropped. Dark hatred and fear blazed in his eyes. Involuntarily his arm darted to his shoulder, but there was nothing there. Only his bare sun-reddened chest.

"What you tryin' to pull, copper? You can't get away with this. My name ain't Yanski, and I ain't done nothin', see!"

"Yeah?" growled the cop. "You shut up and come with me."

Yanski shambled toward the car and got in.

The car sped down the road; stopped near the beach. The copper prodded Yanski with the .45. "Git movin'."

They walked over the crest of the dunes. This place looked familiar. There was the kid sitting in the sand!

"Great work, Dad. I knew you'd get him!" The kid tot-

tered to his feet and lurched toward the cop.

Yanski whirled, eyes blazing. "What is this? You're both nuts. If you think . . .!"

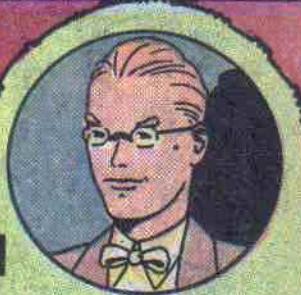
The kid's blue eyes bored into Yanski. "Mister, I knew who you were the minute I saw you asleep. A kid who's crippled like me knows the records of every strong man there is—even if he's a crook and a killer. I couldn't get the cops myself," he grinned, "so I sent you. That sunburn cream I put on you, I left off in just the right places, so the sun would burn your name on your back. You told me what time you had to be in town, and I knew Dad was due to pick me up a little before that. I figured he'd pass you when you went for your clothes."

The cop chuckled grimly. "Nice goin' son. As soon as I saw that name I knew where I'd seen this bird before. On one of them men-wanted posters they're always tackin' up."

Handcuffed in the rear seat, Yanski rode silently into town. Only one car passed them—a long black limousine. A low unguarded groan burst from Yanski's lips. He looked at his watch—3:59. Big George was right on schedule.

THE END

YOUNG KING COLE



DETECTIVE AGENCY,
MASTER MIND



YOUNG KING COLE,
A DECEPTIVELY
MILD-LOOKING LAD,
HAS OFTEN
DEMONSTRATED
HIS ABILITY TO
MATCH WITS ...
AND FISTS... WITH
GANGLAND'S CITY
SLICKERS, BUT CAN
HE COPE WITH THIS
BRAWNY BAD MAN
OF THE GREAT
WEST? READ THE
CASE OF THE
POLKA DOT
BANDIT.

A. M. Williams

THIS DUDE
RANCHIN'S GREAT!
ALL THE THRILLS
AND COLOR
OF THE OLD
WEST.

YES, AND
WITHOUT
THE
DANGER.

A COUPLE
OF DUDES
FROM
THE BAR-X
RANCH
GO FOR
A
RIDE.





LATER, IN NEW YORK...

YOUNG KING COLE ... THE GREATEST... WONDER IF HE'LL... OH, HE'S GOT TO TAKE THIS CASE!



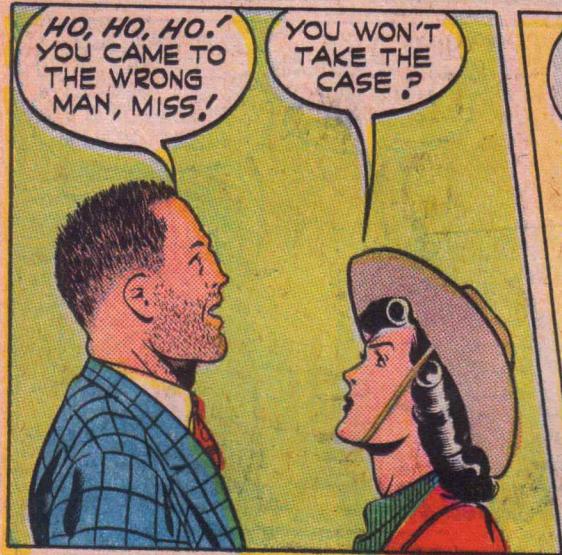
HO, HO, HO!
YOU CAME TO
THE WRONG
MAN, MISS!

YOU WON'T
TAKE THE
CASE?

NO, MISS! I
MEAN, I AIN'T
HIM... THAT'S
YOUNG KING
COLE!

WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE, MISS?

OH!



...AS MISS TEX CONCLUDES HER STORY.

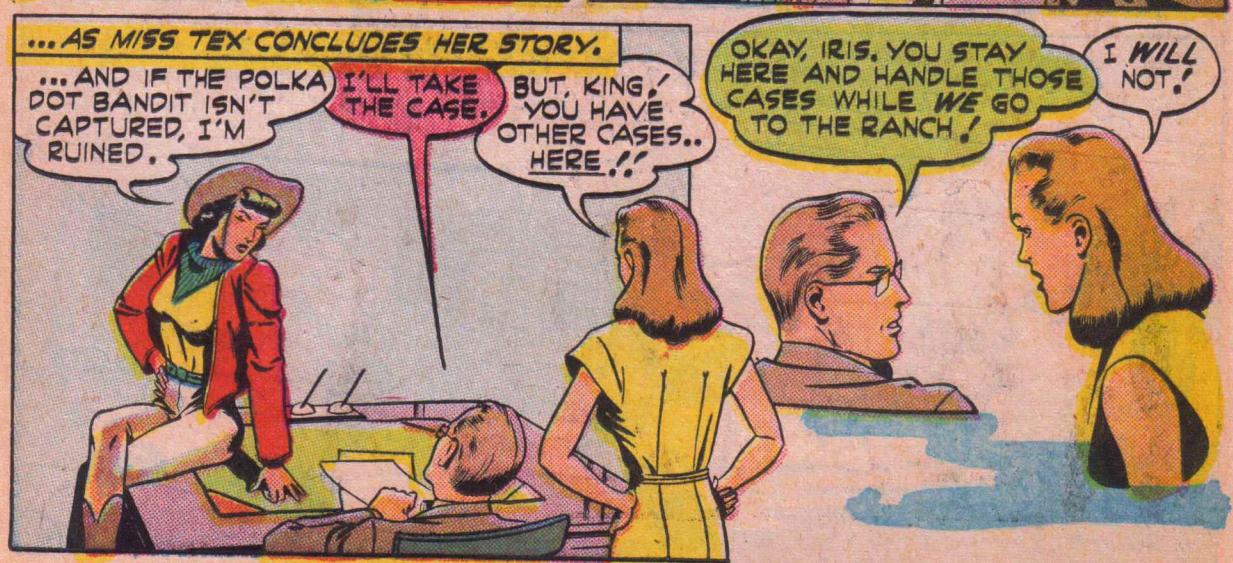
...AND IF THE POLKA
DOT BANDIT ISN'T
CAPTURED, I'M
RUINED.

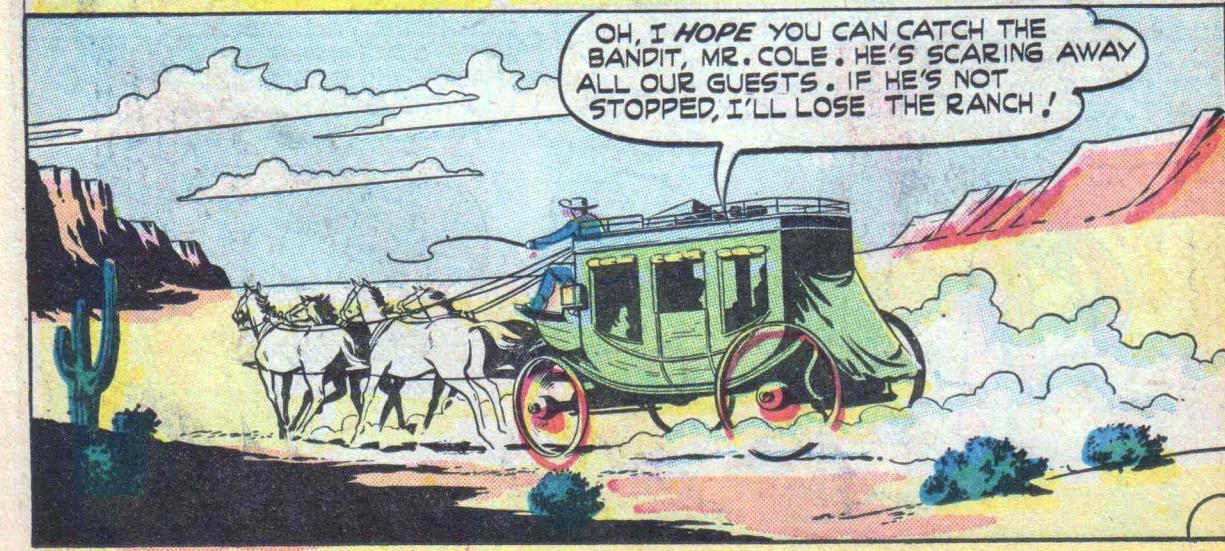
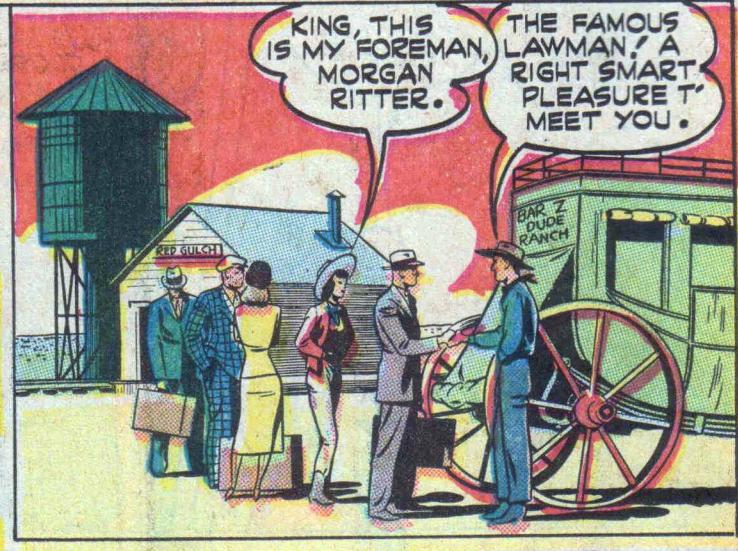
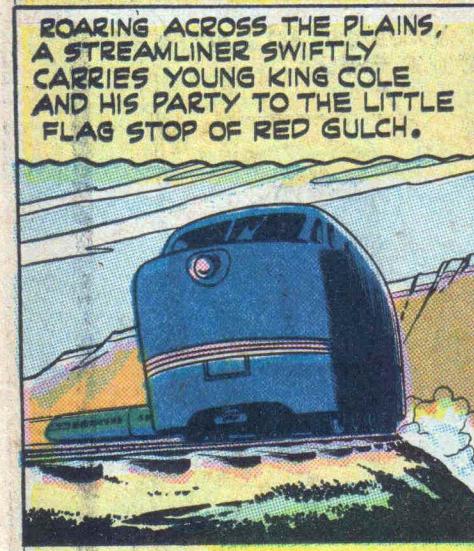
I'LL TAKE
THE CASE.

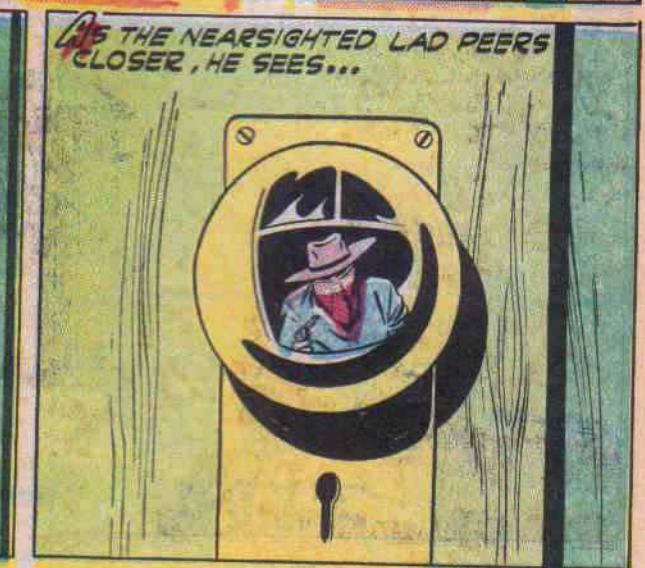
BUT, KING!
YOU HAVE
OTHER CASES...
HERE!!

OKAY, IRIS. YOU STAY
HERE AND HANDLE THOSE
CASES WHILE WE GO
TO THE RANCH!

I WILL
NOT!

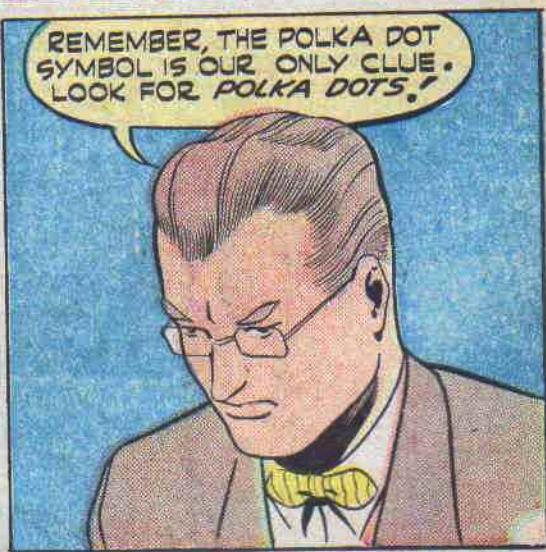
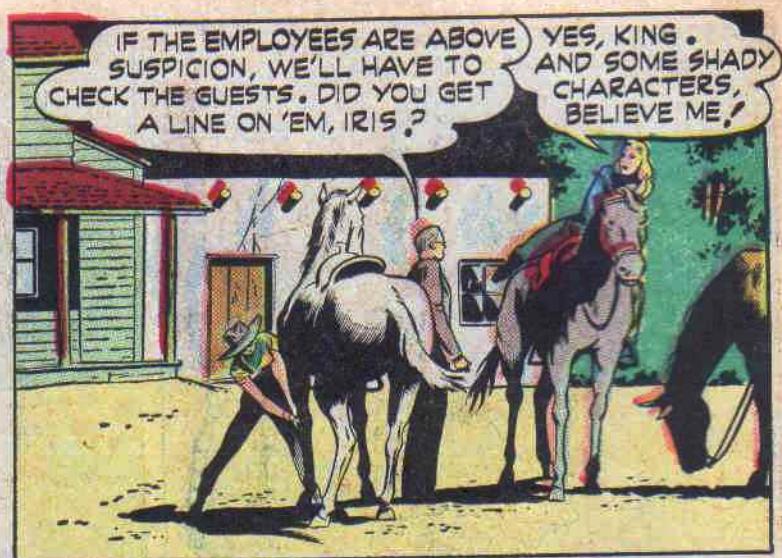












NEXT DAY, URUS IS ON THE JOB TAILING SOUPY, THE EX-BURGLAR.

DIS IS HOT WORK.

HAH! DIGGING UP HIS LOOT!

THE POLKA DOT BANDIT! ?? I'M ONLY DIGGING INDIAN RELICS.

AND WHIP TAILS HI, THE FORMER HIJACKER.

WHEW! THIS BAG WEIGHS A TON!

I'M SWEATING LIKE A...

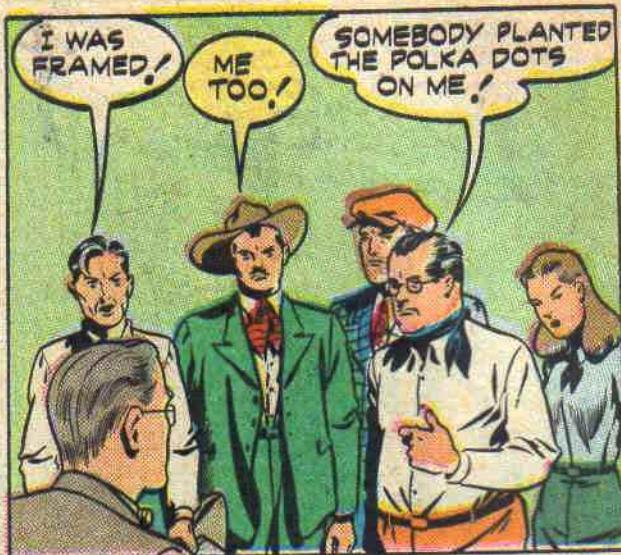
HEY! RAISE 'EM, POLKA DOT BANDIT!

AND IRIS KEEPS AN EYE ON MR. DADE, MURDER SUSPECT.

AH, A NEW VISION OF LOVELINESS TO GRACE THE GOLDEN WEST. PERMIT ME TO WIPE MY GLASSES, THE BETTER TO SEE YOU, ANGEL!

BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE ANGELS.

POLKA DOTS!

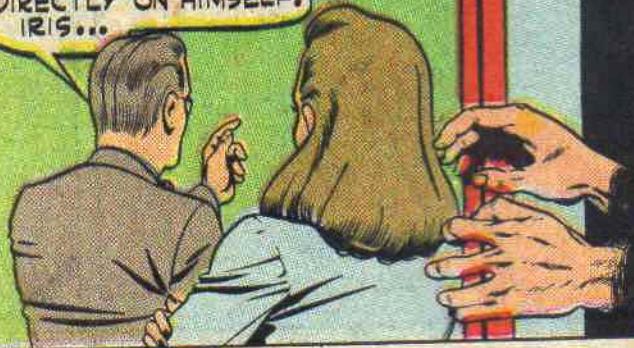


LET THESE GENTLEMEN GO. THEY WERE FRAMED. AND NOW I KNOW WHO THE REAL POLKA DOT BANDIT IS!



KING'S WORDS BRING GASPS OF ASTONISHMENT, GENERAL CONFUSION.

YOU SEE, THE BANDIT GOT TOO SMART. IN PLANTING SUSPICION ON THREE PERSONS, HE ACTUALLY FOCUSED IT DIRECTLY ON HIMSELF. IRIS...



IRIS... WHERE'S IRIS?

SHE WAS RIGHT BY THAT DOOR.

LOOK! HERE'S A NOTE!



YOUNG KING COLE'S HEART LEAPS TO HIS THROAT AS HE READS...

COLE —
IF YOU WANT
TO SEE HER
ALIVE, KEEP
YOUR TRAP SHUT
AND DON'T
FOLLOW!

